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STUDENT REVIEW

An Independent Forum for Student Thought

HA!

A Humor Retrospective from the Early Years

HA!

Student Review Foundation for Student Thought P.O. Box 2217 Provo, UT 84603	Nonprofit Organization US POSTAGE PAID Provo, UT 84602 Permit No. 48
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Note from the Guest Editor:

In Watermelon Sugar

The following pages are some examples of humor from Student Review’s first two years (September 1986 to August 1988). These years are significant because they were the magazine’s first. Later issues also have their memorable moments.

I was influenced in my selection of these articles by the work of Richard Brautigan. Most are familiar with his work, his excavation of an ancient university near what is now Bountiful, Utah. After digging for years through layers and layers of refuse, the trash of centuries, he unearthed a variety of artifacts from a civilization that predates ours by several millenia. Reading from his as of yet unedited camp notes, I take the following excerpts:

The other night I wasn’t careful and my pick hit upon another pancake. It was petrified and I split it into tiny fractions. But I think I’ll be able to piece it together for the museum display in a month. It should be interesting....

My assistant just uncovered another potato statue, this one seventy feet high. It’s down the street from the carrot tower we discovered in the winter. We’re not sure of the connection between these, at the moment. Or why the only evidence of clothing we’ve uncovered are overalls in all sizes, for both men and women. These clothing remains suggest years of regular, heavy use.....

Sometimes in my tent at night I smell watermelon sugar, and I can’t sleep. What will they say when they see slides of the ancient watermelon sugar factory? Or actually sit in one of the thousands of easy chairs made entirely of watermelon sugar? The camp scientists have become used to sitting at lunch in watermelon sugar, in the cool shade of a massive potato statue. Used to resting their arms in watermelon sugar. The smell is in my clothes now, and I don’t mind. These days we just accept the idea we are living in watermelon sugar. We smile a lot more now, and our smiles are watermelon sugar smiles.

Despite all these findings, the earth didn’t contain any records of the actual spoken words of these early peoples. After some speculation, Brautigan recreated in his camp notes what might have been several fairly typical conversations of the period. One is as follows:

“Great pancakes, Pauline.”
“Thanks.”

As I study the old *Student Reviews*, turning them over with my pick, I often think of Brautigan, and his excavations. Carefully cutting into sediments and layers of puns and illustrations, admiring sometimes the color they still retain, I realize what I am encounter-

ing is an earlier epoch I myself once inhabited. The artifacts of first existence. Views full of towers and trees, and longings for an afterlife. People very remote now. If these paper records do not lie, our diets were simple and plain; our medicine was fairly advanced.

The earth under my feet now is separated from this earlier age by a particularly heavy stratum of debris, the items remaining from which I can catalogue under ‘graduate school,’ and then safely put aside.

Many say we build our lives on foundations of earth and stone, what is immediately underneath, but I can’t help but think that in geological time, as in sentences, there exist parenthesis. That early landscape I once occupied, those spare diets, are separated from the earth I stand on now by a rock-hard alien mineral void.

Supposedly, from what evidence I can sift from the petrified ash and refuse, there was a seismic eruption, a distant cataclysm that left a hardened crust over the remains I recognize as my own.

The objects that are still intact (a number of candles and kitchen items), were buried in a sudden day-shower of ash, in a random order that suggests complete surprise. The owner of these was apparently caught unawares. Fortunately, no bodies have as yet been found, caught in panic or sudden flight. Only these kitchen items you can hold in your hands, spatulas you can toss in the air and catch.

The passage of geological time is swift, and I am sad. The potato monuments were detonated and all the carrot towers were toppled a long time ago. But the students, they still make their peculiar sounds. In the apartments and pancake houses, their sentences float towards the ceiling, unreclaimed, unattached now to anyone. When will they be catalogued? Who will snatch them from the air, as they lose their tough edges, as they dissolve into watermelon sugar? This is truly a work of love.

I understand Brautigan more now, when in his tent he wrote: “*Last night I strolled alone down an ancient avenue. I saw a huge potato illuminated in the moonlight. It seemed I was on holy ground. I sat down and soon fell asleep and I returned to camp this morning with an enormous appetite.*”

I have tried in this selection to use articles that are true to the spirit of watermelon sugar. Ones that might have been written from the tops of carrots, towering over vast concourses of students, who, in their overalls, once made their slow way across an ancient campus. Back when they still wore those big heavy belts, and the mountains were still the colors of holiday clothing. I don’t know how many of you remember this.

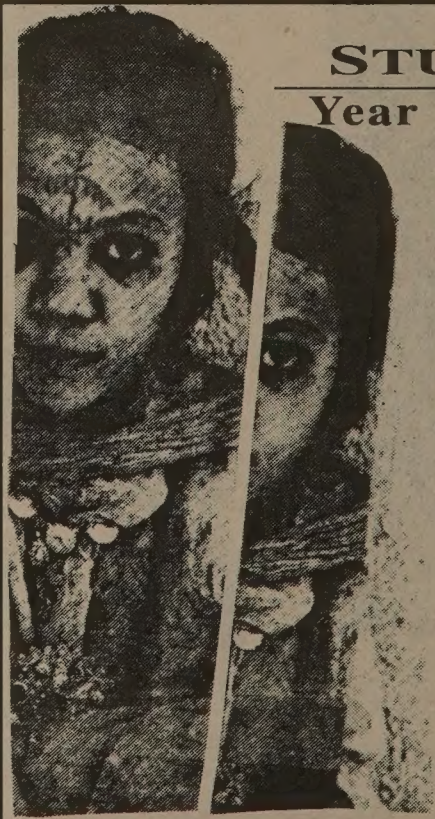
A Wasted Note from Matthew Workman

While serving a mission in San Diego *several* years ago, a friend sent me an article from a paper called *Student Review*. (In case you’re unfamiliar with the paper, you’re reading it right now.) The article had a listing of places on campus to avoid if you didn’t want to see people making out. The botany pond and dorms were listed as the places that offended most often.

That clipping had a profound effect on my life. First, it lifted the heart of a disheartened Elder. Second, I knew right where to go when I got off my mission and ventured to Provo for the first time. Most importantly, that humble make-out article showed me that there was humor in Provo. Amusing things can actually come from a city I had previously thought was about as jolly as a meeting of the Republican National Committee.

To make a dull story short, I was inspired by those early articles and ended up joining the staff of *Student Review* in hopes that I could one day churn out humor like the early greats who re-established the tradition of campus humor at BYU.

The style of humor at the *Review* has changed quite a bit since those days, but the current staff still shares the same committment to making life here a little more bareable. Anyway, here’s hoping that this collection of classic *Student Review* humor inspires another generation of students to take up the pen and begin poking fun at BYU. Never mind that last sentence, here’s hoping this issue makes you laugh so hard that you wet your pants. That’s what it’s all about.



STUDENT REVIEW
Year VIII • Issue XX

This special issue was put concieved, guest edited and compiled by Gary Burgess. He worked on Student Review when he was a student here and has returned as a faculty member. He put this together to honor the early humor of this paper. Thr rest of the work was done by a few dedicated staffers that will remain nameless. Thanks to Gary for giving us this look at the past we hope you enjoy it.

Send submissions, letters, and subscription requests (\$15 a year) to: *Student Review*, P.O. Box 2217, Provo, UT 84603. Or call us at 377-2980.

Student Review is an independent student publication serving Provo's student community. Because *SR* is an open forum, all students are equally eligible to submit articles.

Opinions expressed in *Student Review* are those of the authors, and do not necessarily reflect those of BYU, UVSC, *SR*, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, or Willie Wonka

Renegade Ducks from Hell

by Eric D. Kleinman
March 23, 1988

Everyone looks for a gimmick; that's how capitalism works—you have to make a product appealing. I fell for a gimmick three years ago, or rather, I was taken in by default. My friends signed me up to live at Raintree. When I showed up, I liked it and decided to stay. I mean, it was right next to Tank's and it was only fifty cents to wash your clothes. How could I not love that?

My first few weeks at Raintree were great—it was everything I had hoped it would be.

Then I met the ducks.

In the beginning they just came by for bread crumbs or an occasional gummy bear, but shortly after they had established that comfort zone they started to push. They asked to use the phone. They'd borrow my roommate's car. A little cash now and then wasn't even out of the question. I didn't mind though, because they were good company and we knew we were always welcome at their little house down by the river. Sure they were inactive, but no one was more Christian than my duck friends.

Everything changed, unexpectedly, two days before Thanksgiving break.

I came home early from school and found the ducks in my apartment. They said they were watching TV, but I knew they hadn't been. The TV wasn't even



on. They wouldn't look me in the eye. They stood there dumbly, shuffling their webbed feet. Suddenly Frankie, one of the older ducks, came out of my bedroom wearing my bathrobe. "Hey guys, look at this terrycloth bedsheet!" he quacked. When he saw me he froze. "The game's up, Frankie." I said, barely able to control my temper. "Put the robe down and go on home."

They filed out one by one, never to return to my apartment.

Over the next couple years I heard bits and pieces about them, and once in a while I'd run into one of them at the mall, but we weren't close. From all I'd heard

they'd gone bad right after the incident in my apartment. They had become rebels of a sort. They would steal money from the video games in the clubhouse at night. They'd stop cars in the middle of the Raintree parking lot and harass the occupants, kicking the tires and hurling obscenities at the drivers. One night they even stole the tow truck and went for a joyride. They'd swim upstream for no reason—just to be difficult. In short, they became renegade ducks from hell.

Soon they had moved into big-time theft; two or three of them even did some time. I wasn't concerned too much, though. I

had long since moved away and their activities really didn't affect me anymore. I felt bad for them personally, but I was apathetic toward their effect on the community.

Last week, however, I was shaken violently out of my apathy.

I was in the library late one night, and as the elevator doors opened I came knee-to-face with Bob the duck, Frankie's half brother once removed on his father's side. I hesitated at first, but then joined Bob in the elevator, merely nodding to him. The other people who had been waiting for the elevator with me took the stairs. Prejudices die hard.

I could tell Bob was uptight, and that made me nervous too. I figured the other ducks had to be close by, and I was sure they were up to no good. I decided that I had to act now or never—they'd gone too far by coming on campus. Whatever they were doing now might affect BYU's reputation as the McQuaid Jesuit of the West.

I pulled the emergency stop and the elevator lurched to a standstill. Bob lost it. He pleaded with me frantically to start the car moving again.

He said his life depended on it—if he blew this assignment he would wind up being served

a'l'orange in the Skyroom. I said I'd start the elevator when he told me what he and his foul friends were up to.

He broke. He told me he was acting as a lookout for the rest of the ducks so that they could rip off some audio equipment from the LRC. They were trying to re-open a Stokes Brothers in Utah county to serve as a front to launder drug money. He pleaded with me to let them go. He appealed to our old friendship. I pointed out that "old" was the key word but agreed to let them escape as long as they took nothing from the LRC and pledged never to open a Stokes Brothers in Provo—not even legitimately.

I went home that night feeling grand. I had thwarted the ducks.

The point of all this? Take heed. The ducks are still out there. They're amoral and vicious. Don't buy into their flattery—they're dangerous liars. Sure they're cute, but the moral fibre of our community—our nation—is at stake. We must stop the ducks now, before it's too late. So the next time the ducks come around looking for handouts, seemingly down on their luck and forlorn, have the courage to resist. Stand up to our feathered pseudo-friends and just say no to the ducks.

Letter from a Minimalist Missionary

by Gary Burgess
March 16, 1988

Dear Bee,

The week is almost over. Two more days. Then P-day; we play ball. Yesterday, Elder Harris caught his pant leg in his bike chain. We knocked on a door; I said "Ma'am, his pant leg is greasy. Water and a damp cloth."

She said, "Come in." Her rug was thick. She had three chairs and a fireplace. A bowl of nuts on the coffee table. The sun outside shone. Her dog jumped. Insignificance and despair. She asked us who we were.

"Ambassadors," I said. She nodded, bringing a damp cloth. Harris ate an almond, looked at me. I understood. Flipcharts, a smile. I talked.

"Know this man?"

"No."

"Joseph Smith. You ever pray?"

"Well once when I was six, my brother got leukemia and my father lost his job, and—"

"Just the facts, ma'am." I petted the dog.

"Well, no."

"Pray."

"Why?"

"Eternal mansions, glory, your body filled with light, tears on your pillow."

"Tears on my pillow?"

"Yeah. Remember that trip to Barbados?"

"The sand and the dark body walking out of the hotel lobby?"

"Yeah, forget it. Suffering, clenched fists and hopelessness; then joy, happiness and picnics. You, furry—roll over."

"Anything else? Thirsty?"

"Yeah—sweaty handshakes, respect for old people, air conditioning, women in pairs visiting you when you're sick." I looked over at Harris.

"Water sounds good," he said, checking his weekly planner. Nutshells in his teeth.

"Yeah, water sounds good."

"Yeah."

When she said "water sounds good," I circled the 19th on her calendar. We left, rejoicing, Harris' pant leg clean, our throats wet once again.

—Yours, E. Adams

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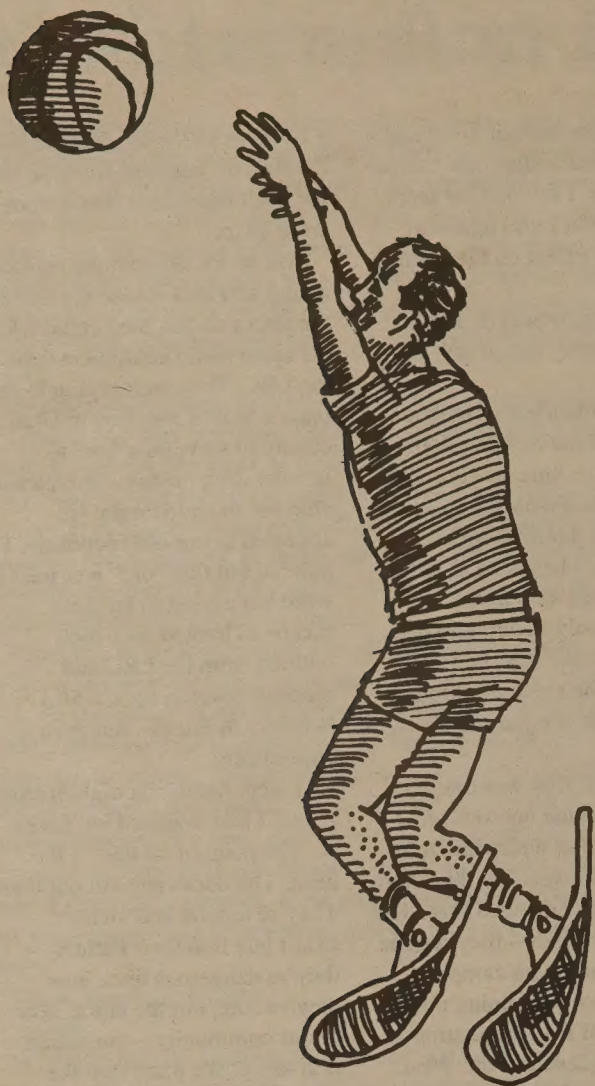
STUDENT REVIEW
Not another youth program.

Campus Life

Stranded in Laramie: A Return to Mutual

by Spencer Dixon

January 27, 1988



Stranded in Laramie, Wyoming. It was a joke waiting to happen.

During the BYU vs. Wyoming basketball game last Friday night the Highway Patrol decided to close I-80 westbound out of Laramie. The stranded motorists quickly filled up all three or four motels in Laramie. I was at the game with a group of friends trying to avoid several fights with disgruntled Cowboy fans. We soon realized we were stranded, but the local institute director offered us the use of the local institute building for the night.

Tell a normal group of college kids they have to spend the night in a church and they'd protest. But tell a group of Mormons and they'd jump at the chance. It might even be better than a motel, I thought.

Why does an LDS church building fascinate BYU students? Does it remind them of home? Is it that special 'wam feeling' that exists there?

BYU students are fascinated by church buildings because they offer a return to childhood, in particular a return to mutual. You remember mutual. Faithfully we attended mutual. One evening each week we mounted a planned assault on the local meeting house. Remember all those advisors that we put through hell? They knew that someday their endless work would pay off and we'd all grow up to be "mature adults."

I hate to disappoint them now, but we "mature college students" haven't grown up. We're still feisty little mutual kids. One night in Laramie convinced me of this. Here's what happened:

Basketball

Once in the building five minutes the guys soon began a pick-up game, skins vs. shirts. Shirts won the first two games easily.

Church Hymns on the Piano

Some musically talented person soon found a piano and began a "spirited rendition of favorite church hymns."

Who was that goof? We were forced to play basketball to the accompaniment of Christmas carols. Lucky the organ was locked! And who's the guy who can't read music? He must've gotten tired of being a page-turner and decided to help by randomly striking a few notes.

So far it feels like mutual but something's missing.

Burping in the Microphone

Someone found the power for the mike and before long a belching contest ensued. I think I know what was missing. After a while, someone made rude fart sounds over the speaker and the girls were "grossed-out." When it was my turn on the mike, I started to sing (it always got a few laughs ten years ago). The only songs I could think of were from Sunday school and Shoolhouse Rock. "I'm Just a Bill," "Conjunction Junction," "Give' Said the Little Stream" were the overwhelming favorites. I couldn't help but laugh — I even felt fourteen again. I'm hungry.

Looking in the Kitchen for Leftovers

Of course some of us ventured into the kitchen for some "valid and logical" reason. When no one was looking I peeked in the freezer hoping to find some leftover ice cream from a ward activity. No ice cream. But what's that in the pitcher—some red punch? It's no Y sparkle, but it'll do. And look, some stale cake. I wonder who got married?

Foyer Activities

It's not really mutual unless some people are chatting on the couches in the hall. There's Chris and Troy having a water fight, who's that getting tickled? Maybe this isn't mutual after all. There were always girls in the hall on the couch having an intellectual conversation about their Personal Progress Chart or a Laura Engels Wilder novel. Well, a group of girls were having "boy talk" in the corner. Soon after that, a game of spin-the-bottle began. Oh no, it's my turn. Hey Spencer, do you like that one girl Suzy? You mean as a friend or what?

That does it, I am fourteen and this is Wednesday night and I'm at mutual in Laramie, Wyoming.

Spencer is missed.

Wednesday, September 23, 1987, 2:53 PM on the first floor of the HBLL.

A Young Blond Nymph: "Well, I work until 2 AM, but I could come over then. Would that be too late? Would you still be up?"

The Satyr's Response: "No, no! I'm always up, you know that. Besides, my roommate may go home this weekend, so it's no biggie."

Monday, September 21, 1987, 12:12 PM in the Cougarreat.

Blonde #1: Seriously. I am sick of dating...

Wouldn't it be great to be able to just...

Blonde #2: No kidding. I don't know, maybe if I were thin. Like you.

Blonde #1: Oh please! I am not thin...

Blonde #2: No you're thin, really you are. Don't even say you're not. You have, like, no thighs. I, on the other hand am totally fat.

Blonde #1: Ohmyheck, you are so much thinner than I am.

Girls in front of the McKay Building. Wednesday, September 30, 1987, 1:07 PM.

Girl #1: Are you and _____ still going out?

Girl #2: Oh, yeah, my roommate goes out with his roommate too, and my other friend goes out with his cousin, but of all the couples, I think our relationship is the strongest.

Girl #1: That's so cool! Has he asked you out to homecoming yet?

Girl #2: Well, not really, but my dress doesn't fit anyway.

Girl #1: No, I'm sure it fits!

Girl #2: Seriously, the zipper like only comes up to my bra and the shoulders are too narrow.

Athletes in the Smith Fieldhouse.

Monday, September 28, 1987, 3:57 PM.

Athlete #1: _____ can't coach to save himself. All he does is run people into the ground and hope a few survive and make it big so he gets a good name.

Athlete #2: No doubt. The man has his head firmly implanted in his butt.

Athlete #1: He should be retired without pension.

Eavesdropper

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7:30pm

Nick Troutman: Man of the 90's

by Bob Bringhurst
March 2, 1988

After waking up early in the morning, Nick sat near the phone, wringing his hands and pursing his lips. "Why didn't she call?" he asked, stifling a cry. he picked up the phone and began to dial, but hung up. "Oh my," he said after trying to call several more times.

He thought about the night before, when Emily had bought him dinner. The candles, the flowers, the dim lights—it was all so romantic. Then he recoiled when he remembered what happened after dinner, when Emily had turned off the lights. Nick gently removed his clothing and showered for the fourth time that morning.

After hesitating near the phone for another 45 minutes, Nick wiped tears from his eyes and in spite of his shaking hands and trembling lips, dialed Emily's number. His heart fluttered when he heard Emily's gravelly voice break across the line—he wished he could be part of her. No, he wished he could be her.

"Emily, why didn't you call?" he whined. Nick carefully explained that communication is important, that his self-esteem is fragile, and that if she really loved him—

Emily's dauntless voice interrupted him: "I hate it when you cry. Can't you shut up?" Nick lost control of his emotions, then heard the click of the phone. "Oh, he sighed as he gently hung up. He wanted her now more than ever.

He lay on his bed for several hours, holding his fluffy pillow against his breast and face to quiet the sobs. He tried to call his father and several of his friends, but none of them were home. Finally, he was able to reach Sam Cochran.

Sam told him not to get mixed up with a woman like Emily, but Nick said he loved her ever so much. Sam said to drop her, but Nick said he just couldn't make up his mind. Sam said General Hospital was on and to call again soon. Nick said goodbye and have a nice day.

To work off his frustrations, Nick did aerobics in front of his television, when suddenly he had an idea. He got out his colored pen set and wrote Emily an oversized love letter made with a large red heart carefully pasted on a doily. After signing it "Love, Nick," he filled out the rest of the card with x's and o's. "I hope she likes it," he said.

He went over to her apartment, but she wasn't home. He waited on her doorstep for three hours, only to realize she had gone for the night. He walked softly down the steps.

"Please, God," he prayed. "Make Emily love me."

Bob & Sam & Nick own a floral shop in Springville.



Emily Cooper: Woman of the 90's

by Bob Bringhurst
February 10, 1988

Emily Cooper woke up, stumbled out of bed, and picked a piece of meat from the back of her teeth. It was Saturday morning. While putting on makeup, she used her sharp, analytical mind to ponder her date with Nick the night before. It made her feel good to pay for his meal and to be able to say, "You just order anything you want, 'cause I'll pay for it." Of course, she got repaid later that night. Emily chuckled and held back a belch while sauntering into the kitchen.

She ate some leftover pizza for breakfast, took a swig from a half-empty milk carton, and turned on the football game. While digging out popcorn from the couch cushions to fill her mouth, Emily heard the phone ring. She answered and heard Nick's trembling voice mumbling something about "if you really loved me," and "self-respect."

Emily interrupted him, saying, "I hate it when you cry. Can't you shut up?" He broke down; she hung up. When her team scored a touchdown, she clenched her fists and yelled, forcing popcorn to spurt out her mouth.

The day wore on. After watching a couple of football games, she went downtown to bowl and shoot some pool, but losing \$25 to a hustler put her in a bad mood. She grabbed some dark red lipstick out of her purse and smeared it on her lips. Night came. She was looking for action, looking for a man, looking for trouble.

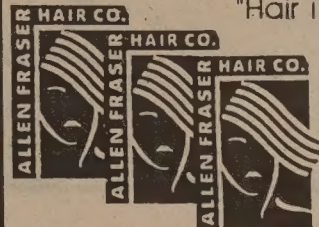
After a quick outing at Chuck's Massage Parlor, our heroine still felt unsatisfied. She tried but failed to pick up some men at Kate's Bar and Grill, but then a big woman named Belinda brushed too close to her. After insulting each others' fathers, they agreed to settle the dispute outside.

Emily began the fight with a left hook, but Belinda ducked and sent a crushing right into Emily's mouth. She stumbled, spat out two teeth, and caught Belinda with a right jab, followed by a savage left hook that sent the woman reeling to the ground. Two swift kicks to the stomach ended the fight. Emily started to walk away, but admiring the woman for not having cried out, she helped her to her feet, and then bought her a beer.

Emily stumbled home early in the morning, tore Nick's note off the door, and made her way into the bathroom to remove her makeup.

She thought about going to church the next day, but instead, spat on the floor and mumbled, "Religion is for men and children."

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Campus Life

The Wilk: Saturday Night's All Right

by Dave Veloz and Julie Turley
June, 1987

8:55 pm: We get to Bullock's Billiards. The patrons eye us hungrily. Dave and I pay for a table and timidly pick our cues. We break. A guy with an orange beard and a Honda pours a pitcher on Dave's head. We leave, hightailing it for the only place in Provo where no one is on Saturday night.

9:15 pm: Lights are blinking, buzzers are buzzing, bowling balls are thundering—we're in the game room. It's loud and hot and sweaty, but it's a little different than Bullock's. Because here, nobody is having fun. There is a ton of fourteen year old kids up for stake conference from Mesa, and they're loving it. I asked one kid if he liked the cougar carpets and he said he wouldn't mind having it in his bedroom. But the bigger kids, guys and dolls dating each other, all had frowns on their faces. When we asked why people would come to BYU on Saturday night instead of someplace off campus, most people said because it was cheap. A guy bowling didn't like my asking if a cheap place meant a cheap date, and his date didn't answer my questions at all.

9:39 pm: A cwazy, wacky ward dance with Stonehenge monument speakers blasting Wham! in the garden court. We talked to a guy with immobile yellow hair in leather bermudas. He was at the dance to hear the dj, and said his needs transcended Provo, but said Plastique's great. What does he do on weekends? Dance or see movies, "artsy ones—I like liberal things." His parting quip: "You know why Salt Lake's so windy?" We didn't. "Because Provo sucks."

10:00 pm: The dance loses its charm, and we still haven't found out why people come to BYU on a Saturday night. We try to ask as many people as we can, but they all shrug and say they don't know. So we leave.

10:01 pm: We peek into the Cougareat, but it's empty, that is, except for the smell of leftover ethnic specials and hairspray. We pop into an elevator and go up.

10:02 pm: Heather, decked out in blazer and a yellow power tie, sits on a stool inside the elevator. Her job is to make sure none of the youth conference slugs squeeze upstairs and lock braces. She is weaving a friendship bracelet for her boyfriend in Germany. She didn't mind being in an elevator all night on a Saturday night, but it "isn't really a place to meet guys."

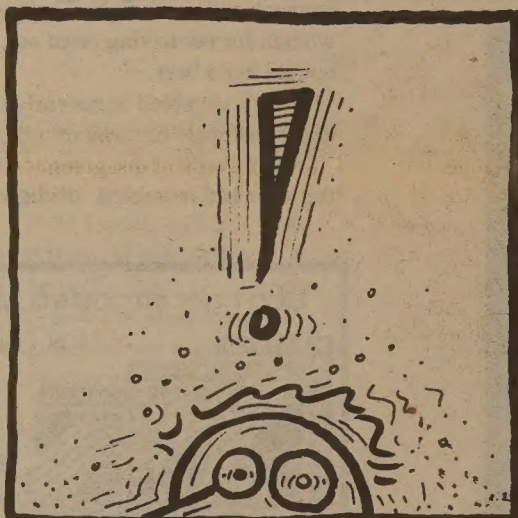
10:03 pm: BONANZA! Our desires are fulfilled. As we talk to Heather, two ladies dressed as Star Trek characters hop on. They tell us that on the third floor there is the United Federation of Planets Induction Ceremonies and Grand Banquet. Julie and I look at each other, and with a Vulcan mind meld we say to each other, "Gold Mine!"

10:03:52: We are no longer in the Wilk, but in Federation Space Station XK-72. The year is 2226. The room is lined with spacey, trippy flags from planets Eco, Vulcan, Lustra. Our mouths water at a huge Excalibur sword poised over Lord Ambassador Solatar Myocin in silver lame, platforms and glitter, looking a lot like Ziggy Stardust. A girl in thigh-high boots and gold epaulets smiles and walks over. "Hi, my name's Avon 7. Nothing to do with the makeup." "What are you doing?" we ask. "Killing people," she giggles, and lashes a long leather whip.

At the head table, they are inducting a new planet into the Federation: "Accept this sword as a token of trust between our people and the peoples of the Federation." The room is silent and serious. Suddenly, utter chaos! An assassin has sneaked past the sonic fingerprint machine, he pulls out a laser gun, and shoots The Honorable Cellindil of Epsilon Indii!!! The place goes wild. Silver robes and boots fly. Spinach pilaf hits the council banner. Someone screams for Security. We escape to the shouts of "We need blood!!"

This is where the fun in Provo's at. These are the only people we've seen tonight actually enjoying themselves. The kids down at the dance were all desperate and lonely, acting like they're having fun. One guy playing pool in the gameroom called BYU a "sucky joint," but he was there anyway.

Last time I saw Jule was in the Haight in 1988.



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On Delight....

by K. Voss
February 17, 1988

I have friends... who delight me. We're sitting there—late—no one thinks we'll pass the test. Nor will we salvage any dignity. But it's late and we're still there trying. And then he asks me if I've read ahead. I haven't even read what's going to be on the test. No, he says, you've got to see this, flip, flip, flip, it's great: they talk about a guy named Shaggy Pants. I lose it. Because it's late and I'm tired and hearing him say Shaggy Pants is very humorous. After we laugh we speculate on why someone would be called Shaggy Pants. Did he wear pants of strange construction? Why were they shaggy? He says he's going to call me Shaggy Pants from now on. I'm in a ball I'm laughing so loud and hard and fast. Then one of the Literal People appears and wants to know what is so funny. In unison we cry SHAGGY PANTS. And they don't understand. And they're frightened. And we don't know what to say. There's just something inherently humorous about a guy named Shaggy Pants that you can't explain.

THEN, we're in class and the teacher is describing the Term Paper. I poke him and tell him what to say. He raises his hand, tentatively at first, then overbold because I'm goading him with wild eyes. "Excuse me, I was just wondering—for that term project—if we are required to use the medium of the written word." Electricity. No one knows how to absorb that comment—least of all the teacher whose eyes go reckless for a moment. I am about to

shriek I am so delighted. The teacher asks him what he had in mind. Just wondering, he innocents. "The Medium of Dance?" I suggest. Our cohorts take the cue, we volley—A Video Presentation! A Socratic Dialogue! Oragami! Most of the class tolerates the breach of scholarly decorum. It makes my whole day.

SO, a lonely night comes—again—when we're sitting home with our Principles. We're sitting at the kitchen table, to be precise. We've already speculated on if we are capable of dying for love and what the important corollaries are. There's not much left. What would you do, I query, if you woke up and there was a STARFISH attached to your face? She says that it depends where the legs of it are. If you can still eat and see and stuff, it's not that big of a problem. If the legs prove problematic, though, she says that she would probably tickle it with her tongue until it moved. I say that's the most revolting thing I've ever heard. But I commend her on her creativity anyway: it's important to recognize a Good Idea even if you, personally, don't like it. He says that we're making this extremely more difficult than it really is. He says that he would just get out his Starfish Remover. This is turning out to be a great conversation. What would you do, I query, if the STARFISH was wearing a LIESURE SUIT? Now we're hysterically happy. We promise each other—and we mean it—the whole next week we're going to see who can insert the words STARFISH and LIESURE SUIT nonchalantly into conversation. If you laugh, you lose.

NEXT, I go to the Reserve

Library. I go to the Reserve Library when my heart is lonely. I pick up Psychology Today and read about how these random doctors think that The One Thing that attracts people to other people is how they smell. Like phenomones, except way more complex. And for some reason this piques me. My brain makes up funny stories about people thinking they like other people because they're sensitive or fun or flirty, but really it's just this random odor that they're not even conscious of. And I laugh with my cynical laugh, because it's probably true and it figures. So my friend comes up and I tell him about it. And he's reverent while I speak and a little while after. I'm waiting for him to respond—kind of nervous that he thinks I'm a jerk because he's not saying anything—and then—this kills me—he SNIFFS. Loud and Hard. The timing is precisely right. Then he sniffs in quick succession. He starts walking around the whole Reserve Library sniffing... for someone to go out with. The whole next week any time I'm in his vicinity, he sniffs really loud. And I'm very delighted.

EVEN SO, this guy keeps asking her what her name is. First she just told him, you know, the Truth. But the second time he asked her, she says "Madge." Then she says "Midge." She changes it slightly every time he asks. He never gets it. But he keeps asking.

MEANWHILE, he can't believe how dull it is for so long every day and how everyone just takes it. He asks me if I were a teacher and I looked out over this vast congregation of heavily sedated people, if I looked out and



I SAW that, wouldn't I...maybe...change my approach or my occupation or something? I say sure I would. Don't they realize, he goes on, that they're teaching us not to be teachers? Yes, yes, yes, I'm saying, but he still talks as if I'm disagreeing. Relax, I say. He's silent maybe 15 seconds. Then he erupts: "CALCULUS!" He just yells it. From nowhere. And he does it so quick nobody really knows he did it. I'm biting my lip and sitting on my hands but I am still very much losing it. About 20 seconds later it's "THE LOONS!" Then back to "CALCULUS!" His voice is bold and baroque. He's out of control.

How can anyone be serious?

ANYWAY, we walk through the bookstore. We're looking for something to do. She says, watch this. I do. She goes up to the cashier, "Do I have any messages?" The cashier has never seen her before. "I'm relatively certain, sir, that I should have a message...here." Her look is uncompromising. The cashier is practically in a frenzy because this does not fit into his frame of reference.

We're not hurting anyone. What is it exactly that we want to prove? We just...delight...somehow it seems important.

K. Voss is in film school at USC. She still answers to "Shaggy Pants".

Surveys

Marriage Fireside

September 16, 1987

Sunday, September 6, 1987, Elder Russell Ballard discussed an apparently controversial topic, MARRIAGE. Provo, being famous for having one of the highest birth rates in the country, should logically have a high percentage of "married folk." This did not stop Elder Ballard from advising Brigham Young University students about that dreaded "M" word.

(Males and females alike were asked the following question) Q: "Do you know of anyone who has become engaged since the devotional?"

A: 19/60 responded YES. An affirmative answer of 32%

(Females alone were questioned here)

Q: "Have you been asked out on any dates since the devotional?"

A: 15/28 responded YES. An affirmative answer of 54%

(The final question, directed to the male gender, received the most amusing answers)

Q: "Have you felt more compelled to actively "engage" yourself to anyone or anything since the devotional?"

A: "Heck no!"

"It's made me reevaluate the reasons why I don't want to get married yet"

"I'm engaging my mind in academic pursuit."

"My roommate dropped his girlfriend as a result of the devotional. He realized there was no future in the relationship."

"No, I didn't go to the devotional."

"There's a new saying about the General Authorities: General Authorities, not specific authorities."

"It has induced serious talk in my apartment. There is never any serious talk in my apartment."

"My friends say they only obey 9/12 apostles per year and Elder Ballard isn't one of them for this year."

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(Yes, the above numbers are all authentic. Try 'em)

French Kissing

September 21, 1987

We at Student Review felt that our readers would appreciate an answer to this question. Fifty-eight bishops were polled, and we were surprised by their responses.

Is French Kissing Acceptable?

Yes	No
0%	100%

"Anyone you kiss outside the bonds of marriage, even your prospective marriage partner, should be kissed with as much passion as if he was your father..."

"What kind of kissing?"

"Young lady, do you need to come in and talk to me?"

"The Prophet defines petting as "any prolonged kissing." If a French kiss isn't prolonged then it isn't worth mentioning."

"Young lady, do you need to come in and talk to me?"

"That kind of kiss simply arouses passions that shouldn't be."

"Young lady, you need to come in and talk to me. My office hours are Tuesday, but we could meet now..."

Campus Life

For Inquiring Minds

various dates and authors

Provo-Orem Merger Announced

It's finally official—after years of secret negotiations, the two great metropoli of Provo and Orem have announced that they will merge to form one huge, bustling megapolis that will become the second largest city in Utah. A reaction of general rejoicing was expressed at the announcement of the merger, but some of the details remain to be worked out, chief among them a name for the new community. Votes are evenly split between "Poorem," to reflect the area's low standard of living, and "Ovo," in honor of the new town's high birthrate. (August, 1987)

First Mormon Nudie Musical

As a response to criticism that Mormon musical theater is out of touch with current artistic trends, a prominent LDS composer/lyricist announced that he has just completed, and is planning to produce, the first Mormon nude musical. The play, to be called *Oh Eden!*, will tell the Adam and Eve story as it is presented in the Bible (that is to say, without so much as a fig leaf). Songs from the musical include "You Have to Sweat to Eat," and "Adam Fell that Man might have a Two Car Garage."

International Cinema Announces New Policies

Due to popular demand, every Wednesday night will be **BABY NIGHT**. Only on Wednesdays will the management allow babies and small children.

Beginning this week, Saturdays will be **LADIES NIGHT**. Women in mini skirts get in half price.

Thursday will be **COUNTRY NIGHT**. Cowboy boots, hats, and loud red bandanas will get you in **FREE**. (September 25, 1986)

Campus Building Wins Architectural Design Award

The Smith Family Living Center, long recognized as the architectural marvel of the BYU campus, has been recently awarded the "Innovation in Use of Interesting Material Award." Evidently, it was the pillars which face the Kimball Tower which did it. The sea-foam green tile which covers the pillars fascinated the committee. (October 2, 1986)

Hotel Utah to Become Parking Lot For Y Students

Earlier this week, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints announced that the Westin Hotel Utah would be closed in August. They also announced that the top floors of the hotel would be converted into offices and jacuzzis, while the bottom would become a parking lot for Brigham Young University students. President Holland expressed



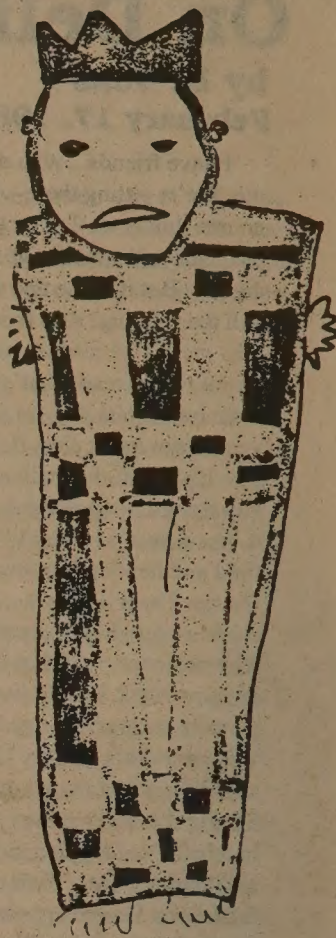
approval of this plan, and said, "It is a good thing that we will finally have a little more parking closer to campus." (March 18, 1987)

Hollands Pursue Careers in Air Service

Pat Holland recently announced her plans to become a stewardess for TWA. Her vast experience with airplanes on and off the ground helped her make the decision. Sister Holland said she thinks she will be an asset to the crew. When asked if she were bothered by the dangerous nature of her new career, she replied, "Well, I'll be working only in the non-smoking section." (July, 1987)

A New America

The College Americans, following their popular anti-UN stint, have announced plans to erect booths weekly in the Stepdown Lounge. This week's booth condemns all food and shelter programs, including the Bishop's Storehouse and Stake Farms, calling such distribution to the poor "clearly communist-inspired." The patriotic faction finds LDS doctrinal support in President Heber J. Grant's grandson's former clogging instructor, LaJoe Nelson, who, only ten years ago, was quoted in the Ensign as saying, "I just don't think anyone should get something for nothing—it just ain't right." Next week's booth will propagate nuclear war, citing a line from a popular Mormon hymn, *Hope of Isreal*, as evidence for divine revelation on this subject: "Sound the war cry, watch and pray; vanquish every foe today!" (January 27, 1988)



"I've been living a lie"



BYU VEEP FOUND TO BE CENTAUR

Confesses
through
tears

Brigham Young University Vice President Jon Stohlton, after incessant hounding from *Student Enquirer*, finally admitted that he is indeed a centaur—half man and half horse. "I can't hide it any longer—I've lived a lie for too long," Stohlton said through tears at a recent press conference in the Wilkinson Center. The middle-aged administrator has been suspected of such a condition for some time now. Stohlton is rarely seen in full form—he often stands behind podiums or large desks. LaJoe Blow, a BYU custodial services employee, has noticed more than once the tell tale signs of someone nibbling the plants in Stohlton's office. Blow further confessed that, while vacuuming, he has noted indentations in the carpet that have a striking resemblance to hoof prints. Stohlton has been spotted loitering about the

shrubbery of the ASB at late hours of the night. These sightings, however, have never ended in an actual identification because the hooved quadruped has always succeeded in galloping away, reports BYU Security.

Academic Vice President Jae Ballif, Stohlton's racketball partner, reports that Stohlton has a superior running capability on the court. "Well, now it all comes together—now I know why he always wins," said Ballif. The Provost also confessed that he has heard neighing and pawing sounds coming from the general direction of Stohlton's office. In addition to continuing his administrative tasks, Stohlton plans on helping out with the equitation class beginning this Spring term.

Brushes with Fame

**Lance Larsen claims that:
February 11, 1987**

He shook hands with Merlin Olsen at a Fourth of July chuckwagon breakfast in Paris, Idaho.

His father saw Ryan O'Neal and Barbra Streisand in the San Francisco airport during the filming of *What's Up, Doc?*

His roommate had the honor of Robert Redford swearing at him and revoking his Sundance family ski pass, which he had shared with seven "brothers," who were all remarkably enough eighteen years old.

He once took out the garbage for Leslie Norris, who used to go carousing with Dylan Thomas.

His roommate was in the MTC with a guy who played drums for Ted Nugent during the 1982 tour.

He had a missionary companion who played high school basketball with Danny Ainge and ate lobster with Zig Zigler.

His cousin had a ski collision with the Queen of Spain.

His brother-in-law ate Kentucky Fried Chicken with Lorne Greene.

His great grandfather sold groceries to the parents of Gutzon Borglum, sculptor of Mount Rushmore.

His sister lived down the street from Gerald Ford's son when, during his father's stint in the White House, he was busted for smoking marijuana.

His sister arranged a fruit and cheese plate that was placed in Johnny Mathis' dressing room at a Tupperware Jubilee in Logan, Utah.

He saw Donny Osmond pumping his own gas at Hart's across from Helaman Halls.
Lance writes poetry. He teaches here now.

Blushes with Shame

**Kim Bielema claims that she:
March 25, 1987**

drooled through 40 pages of her personality textbook while "studying" at the library;

was propositioned by a lesbian in an Austrian disco;

tripped and fell hard on a step in the Tanner Building at rush hour, bounced all the way to the next landing on her then bleeding chin, and tore her nylons beyond repair. Ten gorgeous businessmen meeting on the third floor atrium came to her rescue, while the rest of humanity stared;

unintentionally dropped the top of her bathing suit during a coed MIA outing at Lake Michigan;

at fourteen, dropped a pair of colorful jungle underwear to her ankles in front of a crowd of explorers at a seminary Super Saturday and then waddled 100 feet to the bathroom with them (the underwear—not the boys) tangled in her ankles while the impressionable boys looked on;

on her first day of French at BYU proudly pronounced oui, "oy;"

loudly erupted into uncontrollable, choking sobs on two successive viewings of "The Color Purple;"

surprised herself in the Tree Room at Sundance by burping so loudly that the entire restaurant turned toward her and glared.

Kim is worth a cool 10 million now. No joke.

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Campus Life

Awakenings

by K. Voss

February 24, 1988

There has been much scholarly discourse on how people sleep—what they do while they sleep, the noises they make, the positions they utilize, the hierarchical levels of slumber, dreams, sleep-conducive clothing—but few things have been written about how people wake up.

Sleeping, in general, is a selfish activity. You do it completely alone, forcing everyone else in the room to sit inert and wait for you to come back to the world of the living. Because of this, the inevitable alienation of sleep, I find it more personally useful to discuss the sleeper's reintegration into society: the awakening.

I'm not a study gal by nature. I'm more of a fun 'n flirty gal. So it's understandable that I didn't used to think about awakenings in a scholarly, penetrating manner until this one night.

One of my friends fell asleep on our couch. Soon he would have to leave. That's how things work. I was poised, ready to rouse him, but stopped, riveted. It occurred to me that I didn't know how he would wake up. Would he jump up and give me a big Winnie-The-Pooh hug? Would he simply nod stoically and venture out into the night? Would he be ablaze with dog jokes or perky anecdotes? Would he not remember where he was, tear the couch apart and eat the stuffing in a mad frenzy? Would he subject me to violence? Careful, Karen, careful. One doesn't just up and wake a fellow classmate without knowing in advance how he or she will respond.

I know about waking up procedures. I, myself, rarely sleep—which isn't to say that I spend a lot of hours in the dark by myself waiting for people to wake up. And people eventually wake up, facilitating my studies. Moreover, after myriads of slumber parties, camping expeditions and the like, I've had to wake up en masse many times. And because my mind is keen, analytical, I've siezed these opportunities to do some cataloguing. Hang on to your seats.

First are the Noisy People. Apparently they are very surprised to be awake. "Hey, I'm awake!" they chirp. They get up and walk around. They stretch and shake. They pick things up or pace. They're restless. Then they start babbling. They start explaining things; they tell you what they're going to do that day; they offer some rambling soliloquy for no reason. They hum merry gigue tunes. No one is responding to them or asking them questions. They just seem to be extremely pleased to be awake and impose their presence loud and fast.

Then there are the people who wake up precise. They wake up and get to business. They're not vociferous, as the Noisy People are, just acutely efficient. These are the people who like justified margins. These are the people who wake up in the same position they went to sleep in and don't muss their sheets while sleeping. They're not mean, they're just no-nonsense, and they don't appreciate superfluous conversation. And then there are the Pseudo-Awake People. They announce "I'm awake!" with bombast, but really aren't. I had a roommate like this. I'd be up, preparing for another sunshiney day, and every time I crossed the room to get, say, a fashion accessory or something, she'd yell "I'm awake!" The girl presupposed that (1) I cared, and (2) I'm a chump. I saw her quivering REM eyes—she wasn't awake at all, but somehow, through natural selection or something, had developed the capacity to announce that she was awake in her sleep. Wacky.

The next phylum involves the Disoriented People. These are my personal favorites: They wake up in a woozy, apologetic state and need to warm up, like a car. Everything is confused and complex. Something as seemingly insignificant as a small, shiny object can stun them irreconcilably. They don't know what day it is, their phone number, or what nationality they are. They sit and stare for at least 20 minutes, sometimes up to a good hour or so. They are silent, inert and extremely inarticulate.

I had a roommate like this. She would sit, all in a muddle, for a good portion of the morning. Sometimes, call me a little pixie, I would ask her nonsensical questions: "Michele, where did you put the shovel?" or "Michele, are you still going on that botanical tour?" or

see "Awakenings" on pg. 11

Two Potential BYU Residents Speak Out

Why we're on the waiting list for Wymount Terrace



D. Mark Farb and his lovely bride Karen were engaged in January and enjoyed a February wedding. Mark is a senior in Business Marketing Portfolio Management from Helper, UT. His teenage bride recently received a freshman scholarship from BYU after scoring remarkably high on the ACT exam. Mark and Karen enjoy 16 stake firesides, communist party picnics and playing the home version of Jeopardy.

Six weeks ago when we decided to get married we also decided to get on the waiting list at Wymount Terrace. We could see the convenience and economy involved. We both liked the sturdy typhoon-proof cinderblock construction, the simple, yet elegant pastel colors, and especially the bare tile floors (they're especially good for Karen's bunion problem). But the main reason we're on the list is because of that special 'family atmosphere.' You see, we don't have a family of our own yet and we think it'd be swell to practice our parenting skills with the Wymount Neighbor Kids.

Wymount Terrace: The Rabbit Hutch Experience

A great place to start



A Non-BYU Resident Speaks Out

On Living Off Campus



Matt Filby is an 8th semester freshman from Winnemucka, Nevada with an undeclared major. He works the swing-shift at Wendy's and serves as his ward's transportation specialist. His interests include several things.

My parents moved while I was on my mission and left no forwarding address. They could see the convenience and economy involved. I had no choice but to return to Provo--to Deseret Towers. D.T. wouldn't let me move in just because of the piano that wound up down that elevator shaft before my mission. That's why I'm living off-campus. I love the space and freedom, and conveniences like curbside parking and MTV. All I have to say is, 'Thanks, Mom and Dad.'

The Non-BYU Off-Campus Living/ Learning Experience

Where College Freedom Begins

Chaste Doesn't Mean Whimpy

by David Veloz
February 10, 1988

When you're about fourteen, the Drill Bit of Sex starts to augur into your brain, and as far as I know, it doesn't stop until you die. And then there are some who say it doesn't stop then, either. So what do you do?

You come to BYU, where sexuality is like Pepsi in the Coke factory, like beef ribs at a Krishna wedding, like a Marie Osmond shirt at a Metallica festival: either you don't do it, or you wan't it bad enough.

Good enough. No problem. You can wait. Do hip things like date a lot and hang Sports Illustrated calendars all over your apartment, and you'll make it to your wedding. But something happens along the way. Men turn into women. Men are so desperate to gain the favors of the fairer sex, that they gender bend over backwards, and even farther sometimes.

You know it's true. Why else would a man ever proudly put on a pink oxford shirt and white pleated pants and leather shoes with little frillies on them except because some leggy thing with a tan thinks he's just the cutest boy?

Puke and vomit. In the sober light of day you feel like dying, but come tonight you'll splash on some perfume ("cologne" is only a euphemism), buy a flower, and take her out for organic pasta and a flavored soda water. Then you'll go to a cute movie like *For Keeps* or *Batteries Not Included*. Hey, says androgynous you, it's worth it. Now she'll ask me back to her apartment to look at her teddies (bears, she specifies, after you see the mountain of stuffed animals on her bed) and listen to that keen new Sade album. Wow, and if you are really tender and remind her you did your home teaching, maybe she'll plant some pink goo on your cheek and ask you to come back in the summer so you can ride her cute scooter.

What's wrong with that, you ask? Nothing except that's what women hate. Show up late on a Ninja with no money, no shower, and wearing a leather vest and engineering boots, and you've got yourself a love slave. If she pretends to balk, kick her. Physical abuse has gotten a bad rap lately. It works, and chicks dig it. Then take her to someplace dangerous, like the train tracks or a power plant, and eat beef jerkey.

Chaste doesn't mean whimpy. Since you can't have it, flaunt it. Give her a taste of real men. Belch. Ignore her. Hold her by the chin and talk about the Establishment in monosyllables. Take her to Denver and leave her there if she complains. Romance isn't dead in the eighties. It's just been poisoned by the libido. You'll never get married if you take her to plays and read her poetry. The sound of Led Zeppelin and cracking knuckles is the time-tested music of love.

David writes for Oliver Stone now.

continued...

Awakenings

"Michele, would you rather be a hammer or a nail?" And she would attempt to answer, but it only came out in wispy fragments. Granted, the Disoriented People wouldn't exactly be the sensation of anyone's dinner party, but, on the positive side, they're not likely to break anything and are quite entreatable.

The next group are the Hammered People. They wake up host to infinite maladies: they have a headache, their stomach hurts, their joints ache, they've got the chills. They look like they wrestled with a bulldozer. And they've got the worst breath in the galaxy. They wake up physically defeated. They need renovation. I like to think of these people as the Ironical Sleepers because they wake up looking and acting as if they haven't had any sleep at all. What a merry paradox! Like black holes, they pose yet another mystery of the universe.

The last and most puzzling group are the Angry People. They wake up mad as hell. It's puzzling, surreal, because they're mad for no discernable reason. They're just mad, like it's their privilege or something. Such a breach in decorum can only be explained by a maverick gland or brain tumor.

If they talk, they're very terse, and they frequently say something offensive about a perceived lack of intelligence or your weight. They call you things like "Lame-O," "Puck," "Trollop," or "Genetic Mutation." Be alert to them; carry weapons.

I went to see a friend one time. He had just woken up from a nap. I didn't know it at the time, but he was one of the Angry People. I started chatting in my rococo, plucky way, and he cut me off—not literally of course, but still, I was miffed. What do you need, he seethed. His hand was clenching and unclenching in a rhythmic way, mimicking his jaw; his red, slit-eyes dared me to move. It didn't take ME long to figure out what was going on; he was in no mood for my antics. What a nuisance.

So, mighty reader, after a zesty romp across the spectrum of human behavior, you probably need to lie down yourself. That's O.K. Just remember that the manner in which one wakes is indicative of character. Now you know. And knowledge = power. So, let this be your personal Excalibur; confront the sleepers with grace, dignity and resolution.



Calendar

If you would like something in the calendar please call Rebekah at 377-8960. The deadline for submitting calendar items is the Friday before the Wednesday you would like it to appear.

THEATRE, DANCE & FILM

International Cinema, Apr 5-9, Wings of Desire (German), The Road to Mecca (English); SWKT, BYU. **Underground Images Zubea Movie Festival**, Apr 6 & 7, 9 pm, BYU tickets \$2, call 226-8155. **The Secret Garden**, Apr 6-10, Capitol Theatre, 419 E 100 S, SLC, 355-ARTS. **David Mamet's Oleanna**, Apr 6-Apr 17, Salt Lake Acting Company, for tickets and info 355-ARTS. **The Sheikh**, Apr 6-May 14, Desert Star Playhouse, 4861 State, Murray, 266-7600. **Tower Theater**, Apr 8-14, The Trial (Kafka), Naked, & Metropolis; 876 E 900 S, SLC, 461-3399. **Oklahoma**, Apr 8-Jun 6, Hale Center Theatre, SLC, 2801 S Main St, 484-9257. **Bundle of Trouble**, till April 11, Hale Center Theatre in Orem, 226 W 400 N, call 266-8600 for tickets and times. **Lady of the Camellias**, Apr 15-23, by Ballet West, call 355-ARTS for tickets. **1993-4 Pardoe Theatre Series**, call 378-3875 for info and tickets, shows are, starting 26 May-June 4: Scapin; 21 July-Aug 6: Philadelphia, Here I Come.

THEATRE GUIDE

Babcock Theatre, 300 S University, SLC, 581-6961. **Capitol Theatre**, 419 E 100 S, SLC, 355-2200. **City Rep**, 638 S State St, SLC, 532-6000. **Egyptian Theatre**, Main Street, Park City, 649-9371. **Hale Center Theatre SLC**, 2801 S Main, SLC, 484-9257. **Hale Center Theatre Orem**, 225 W 400 N, Orem, 226-8600. **Keep Theatre**, 105 E 100 N, Provo, 373-1270. **Pioneer Theatre Company**, 1340 E 300 S, SLC, 581-6961. **Promised Valley Playhouse**, 132 S State St, SLC, 364-5696. **Provo Town Square Theatre**, 100 N 100 W, Provo, 375-7300. **Salt Lake Acting Company**, 500 N 168 W, SLC, 363-0525.

CINEMA GUIDE

Academy Theatre, 56 N University

Ave, 373-4470. **Avalon Theatre**, 3605 S State, Murray, 226-0258. **Carillon Square Theatres**, Orem, 224-5112. **Cineplex Odeon University 4 Cinemas**, 224-6622. **International Cinema**, 250 SKWT, BYU, 378-5751. **Scera Theatre**, 745 S State, Orem, 235-2560. **Tower Theatre**, 875 E 900 S, SLC, 359-9234. **Varsity Theatres**, ELWC & JSB, BYU, 378-3311. **Villa Theatre**, 254 S Main, Springville, 489-3088.

CONCERTS & LIVE MUSIC

Unwound, Mayberry & Quartersloth, Apr 6, 7:30, basement of Club DV8, 115 S West Temple, SLC. **Cosy Sheridan**, Apr 7, 8:00, Mama's Cafe, Provo, tickets \$5 at Mama's, \$6 at the door. **The Connells**, Apr 8, at Saltair, \$10, 1-800-888-TIXX. **Insatiable with King Apparatus**, Apr 8, 8 pm, Meridian School, Provo, tickets \$6 at Sonic garden or \$7 at the door. **Mitch Miller w/ Utah Symphony**, Apr 8 & 9, Abravenal Hall, 533-NOTE. **Sepultura**, Apr 9, 7:30 pm, Saltair, tickets 800-888-TIXX. **Cosy Sheridan**, Apr 9, 7:30 pm, U of U Social Work Auditorium. **Tulley Cathey**, Apr 10, 3 pm, Jewett Center for Performing Arts, 1250 E 1700 S, SLC, FREE. **Panoramic Steel Band**, Apr 12, 7:30 pm, Madsen Recital Hall, BYU, 378-4322. **Eddie Palmieri**, Apr 13, Zephyr, 301 S West Temple, 355-2582. **INXS w/ Material Issue**, Apr 15, 7:30 pm, Delta Center, \$9.60 at 800-888-TIXX. **The Nylons**, Apr 16, 8 pm, Kingsbury Hall, U of U, 355-ARTS for tickets.

CLUB GUIDE (shows change nightly)

Bar & Grill, rock & alternative, 60 E 800 S (SLC), 533-0340. **Bourbon Street Bar & Grill**, comedy, R & B, 241 S 500 E (SLC), 359-5905. **Cinema Bar at Spanky's**, rock & alternative, 45 W Broadway (SLC), 359-1200. **D.B. Cooper's**, jazz & acoustic, 19 E 200 S (SLC), 532-2948. **Dead Goat Saloon**, rock & alternative, 165 S West Temple (SLC), 328-GOAT.

DV8, modern music & live bands, 115 S West Temple (SLC), 539-8400. **Gepetto's (Univ)**, jazz & acoustic, 230 S 1300 E (SLC), 583-1013. **Godfather's Pizaa**, local bands, 333 E 1300 S (Orem), 226-2040. **Green Parrot**, rock & alternative, 155 W 200 S (SLC), 363-3201. **Green Street**, rock & Sat. jazz, 610 Trolley Square (SLC), 532-4200. **Johnny B's Comedy Club**, 300 S 117 W (Provo), 377-6910. **Mama's Cafe**, local everything, 840 N 700 E (Provo), 373-1525. **Pie Pizzaria**, jazz & acoustic, 1320 E 200 S (SLC), 582-0193. **Pier 54**, jazz, blues, & other, 117 N University Ave (Provo), 377-5454. **Saltair**, major concerts, exit 104 off I-80 (SLC), tickets at 1-800-888-TIXX. **Tropicana Club**, live Latin American music, 1130 E 2100 S (SLC), 486-9559. **The Edge**, 153 W Center St (Provo), 375-3131. **Zephyr Club**, rock & alternative, 301 S West Temple (SLC), 355-CLUB.

EVENTS, ETC.

Social Commentary in the Art of Francisco Goya, Apr 6-29, Friday Evenings, U of U, call 585-6253 or 581-7049. **Golden Eagles v. San Diego**, Apr 6, 7 pm 532-GOLD for tickets. **Utah Jazz v. Dallas**, Apr 7, Delta Center, 355-DUNK for tickets. **Christianity and the 3rd Millenium**, Apr 7, 7 pm, Westminster's College Jewett Center, By Harvey G. Cox Jr, Harvard prof. of divinity, call 488-4112. **Pow-Wow Contest**, Apr 8-9, u of u Ballroom, 581-9151. **Strength in Diversity**, Apr 9, 9 am-5 pm, Doubletree Hotel, SLC, presented by NOW about Integrating Feminism and Religion, 483-5188. **Outlaws and Outlaw Myths**, Apr 9, 12 pm, Olympus Hotel, SLC, by John Barton, 942-1218. **The Sagebrush Ocean**, till Apr 24, Utah Museum of Natural History, photography exhibit of the Great Basin, call 581-4303.

ONGOING

International Etruscan Art Exhibit, till Apr 30, BYU Art Museum, \$5 for students, 378-BYU1. **Temple Square Concert Series**, 7:30 pm, Assembly Hall on Temple Square. **The Garrens (Comedy Troupe)**, Fridays at 7:30 & 9:15 pm, 2084 JKHB (BYU), for reservations call (no sooner than Thurs) 377-1556. **League of Utah Writers**, 2nd

Tuesdays, SLC Main Library, 6:45 pm, 467-2935. **Readings of local women writers**, Mondays, A Woman's Place Bookstore, 1400 Foothill Drive #240, Foothill Village, SLC, call 583-6431, FREE. **Hansen Planetarium**, 15 S State, SLC, shows include Laser U2, Laser Zeppelin, Laser Floyd, & others, 538-2098. **Family History Center Classes**, every 2nd & 4th Sunday, HBLL Library, BYU, 378-6200. **Intermountain Country Dance Association**, lessons, dances, workshops, & conventions, call Paul at 966-4207 or RoLayne at 968-6981. **Snowboard Races**, at Snowbird's new Multi-Terrain Snowboard Park, call 521-6040 or 581-9606 for info on race dates. **KHQN Radio and Krishna Temple Open House**, Sundays, 6 pm, includes mantra meditation, films, & vegetarian feast, call 798-3559 for directions to the temple in Spanish Fork. **Pow-Wow**, Indian Walk-in Center, 120 W 1300 S, please bring a chair if only observing, for times/dates call 486-4877. **Jazz Vespers**, Sundays, First Unitarian Church, 600 S 1300 E, 486-5729. **Mormon Tabernacle Choir rehearsals**, Thursdays, 8:00-9:30 pm, SLC Tabernacle on Temple Square. **Choir Broadcasts of "Music and the Spoken Word"**, Sundays, 9:30-10 am, Tabernacle on Temple Square, be seated by 9:15 am. **Pueblo Nuestro South American Folklore Group**, open rehearsals from Ogden to Price, call Dave Sonntag, 773-7104.

USEFUL TELEPHONE NUMBERS

AIDS Hotline, 800-AIDS-411. **AIDS Testing**, 534-4666. **Air Quality Hotline**, 373-9560. **Alcoholics Anonymous**, 375-8620. **American Cancer Society Gifts Program**, 800-ACS-2345. **Amnesty International**, for info call, 250-5190. **Ask-A-Nurse**, 377-8488. **Best Friends Animal Sanctuary**, 644-2001. **Big Springs Riding Stable**, 225-8589. **Boating Info for State Park waters**, 538-7221. **BYU INFO**, 378-INFO. **Camping at Utah State Parks**, 322-3770 or 800-322-3700. **Cancer Information Service**, 800-4-CANCER.

Center for Women and Children in Crisis, 374-9351. **Concert Hotline**, 536-1234. **Current Sky Info**, 532-STAR. **Dial-A-Story**, 379-6675. **Geneva Steel Plant Tours**, 227-9240. **Governor**, 538-1000. **Help Stop Poaching Hotline**, 800-662-3337. **LDS Social Services**, 378-7620. **Massages**, full body/full hour, \$16, call 359-2528. **PACT**, Peer Approach Counseling by Teens, 355-2804. **Peace Corps Recruiting Office**, 581-5100. **People Who Care**, family and friends of homosexuals, 373-5980. **Pet Placement**, 467-3735. **Rape Crisis**, for info & to volunteer call, 467-RAPE. **Red Butte Arboretum Hotline**, 581-4747. **Reserve a Park Pavillion**, 379-6600. **Sierra Club Hotline**, latest national environmental news, 202-547-5550. **Smith's Tix**, 800-888-TIXX. **Sonic Garden**, concerts & new releases, 37-SONIC. **Student Review Office**, 377-2980. **Time and Temperature**, 373-9120. **Uinta National Forest**, 377-5780. **United Way**, volunteer opportunities, 374-6400. **UTA**, 375-4636. **Utah Birdline**, 538-4730. **Utah Bureau of Air Quality**, 536-4000. **Utah Caring Program for Children**, 481-6615. **Utah Tenants United**, 359-2444. **Utah Tourism and Recreation**, 538-1030. **Utahns Against Hunger**, 328-2561. **Utility Assistance Program**, Red Cross volunteers, 467-7339. **Wasatch Clean Air Coalition**, 582-1228 or 583-8654. **White House**, 202-456-1414. **Wildflower Hotline**, 581-4747. **Women's Self Defense Classes**, Bihonte Association of Martial Arts, 263-4007. **YWCA Programs**, 355-2804.

EDITOR'S PICK

Some quality music events coming up this week that you ought to check out. Cosy Sheridan will be playing Thursday night at Mama's cafe. She has been called one of the best singer-songwriters in the country and should put on a great show. On Monday night no ska fan should miss the King Apparatus show. This band from Toronto has attained national fame and will be with local favorites Insatiable and Stretch Armstrong. Enjoy the shows!

